

i found a savior (i don't think he remembers) by
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Summary:

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“May I ask,” Perseus says as he walks over, taking the basket of fruit from the man as they both sit down on his cot. “Where am I?”

“You're at the center of it all,” the old man smiles, bowing his head, but this time it isn't directed at him but at something greater. “We are in Delos, the place of birth of Phoebus Apollon. It is by his grace that we have found you, and healed you. I honor his worship, as do my fellow priests. We shall do our best to help you.”

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Author's Note:

- For [WaterSeraphim](#).

hope you enjoy! i had fun with this <3

Perseus opens his eyes to harsh sunlight and two sets of hands pulling him from the sea. He gasps and his body burns for air, confused, scared, instincts rising up to wrestle his way out of the grip around his limbs.

“Please, young man!” a voice says, the hands on him tightening. “We just want to help!”

Soft, warm sand under his back, as he's deposited down. Half blinded by light, Perseus blinks several times, and makes out two faces hovering over him.

One belongs to an older man, the other to a young one. Their garb matches and the sight tickles something in his head, but a sharp pain wins over leaving him short of breath.

The men look at each other and speak in worried tones, but the pain makes Perseus lose the words. Next thing he knows, he's being lifted again. He closes his eyes as sparks of agony shoot through his frame until all he knows is darkness.

He does not dream.

When he next wakes, it's to the sound of running water. He feels warm instead of burning, and in the distance, he can hear a soft instrument, delicate strings being played. A ghost of a memory wants to enter his mind, deep from within his subconscious, but it blurs and vanishes before he can grab hold of it.

He doesn't move, basking in absolute calm and lack of pain, and floats aimlessly. Footsteps reach his ears, and Perseus's gaze shifts to the room's entrance from where he's laying on a cot set over stone.

"I see you've awoken," says the old man from before, his face coming back to Perseus in fuzzy flashes. He frowns, struggling to recall anything else. "I'm glad to see your recovery has been going along well. If you give me a moment, I will acquire a meal for you."

"Thank you," Perseus nods, not thinking much of it. His voice is a shredded tool, lost to dryness and disuse, and the old man stares at him in consideration before leaving him alone.

Perseus looks around the room and takes in the open space, the stone walls and floors, the yellow flowers that he feels he should know and the running fountain on a corner. Perseus' eyes get stuck there, on the water. Almost without thought, he stands up slowly, stretching his sore muscles, and moves toward the fountain.

He runs his hand under the stream and his body sings with energy. He gasps softly, and cannot resist leaning down, cupping his hands to bring water up to his lips and the mess of sweat that his face must be. Once Perseus is done, he steps back and looks at the water in consideration, a lack of surprise at this development making him frown.

The old man from before comes into the room, grapes and berries in a basket on one of his hands. There's a cup on his other hand, filled with what Perseus can smell as the scent of tea and honey floating through the air. The old man stares at Perseus for a second, once more, and a flicker of recognition lights up in his eyes.

"I must apologize, my Lord," the old man says, and Perseus whips his head to look at him, confused. The old man is bowing, getting down to his knees, making Perseus feel a lick of panic up and down his skin. "We did not recognize such mortal skin, but we should've. Your beauty is notable, ethereal, and your presence taller than waves. Please, forgive our lack of preparation—"

“I'm no Lord,” Perseus shakes his head, and surprisingly, a part of him protests, a part of him feels wrong at uttering those words, but he pays it no mind. “My name is Perseus. I do not know where I come from. I can't remember my life before the moment you took me from the sea.”

The old man sighs and stands. He looks down at the food he's holding, unsure, and Perseus can see that he wants to protest, that he doesn't agree, but the old man meets his eyes and seems to give in. “I see, Perseus. Please, eat. Sit with me. We shall see what we can do to help you, what might be done to heal your mind. But first, you must recover your energy.”

“May I ask,” Perseus says as he walks over, taking the basket of fruit from the man as they both sit down on his cot. “Where am I?”

“You're at the center of it all,” the old man smiles, bowing his head, but this time it isn't directed at him but at something greater. “We are in Delos, the place of birth of Phoebus Apollon. It is by his grace that we have found you, and healed you. I honor his worship, as do my fellow priests. We shall do our best to help you.”

The information settles into Perseus' bones. He looks around again, and finally understands the veneration dropping from the walls, unspoken but thrumming, resonating with something in his veins.

He's in the home of a god. And something about that rings familiar.

Percy stares at the statue of Apollo, rising up in the center of his temple in Delos. With somber, delicate features, he stands completely naked, yet there's a dignity and power to the pose that reverberates all across the temple, that makes it seem like his presence is upon them all.

Apollo's priests are a merry, intelligent, yet quiet and careful bunch. The old man from before shows Percy around, introduces him to every single member of the temple, from the newer, younger members sitting lower at the hierarchy, to the wise men at the top. He introduces himself as Apollodorus, saying that his family had lived in Delos for decades upon

decades, watching over the worship of not only Apollo, but also his mother and sister, and even Lord Dionysus.

“But Lord Phoebus called me to him. The bright one lit up my path, made my thoughts clear with a strum of his lyre,” Apollodorus insists, a pride in his eyes that Perseus could only call reverent. Perseus finds this information sinking into his skin, much like Apollo’s presence at his temple has, with an edge of contentment to it. “And I’ve dedicated my life to him, in return.”

“Do you think he could help me?” Perseus risks asking, looking back at Apollo’s statue, his altar. Apollodorus does the same, humming. “Do you think Lord Apollo could help restore my mind?”

“We shall see,” Apollodorus says, but he holds his chin high with certainty that he’s clever enough not to speak into promises. “Lord Apollo can be as generous and kind as he can be merciless and brutal. If you prove yourself worthy, he might just turn his eyes upon you.”

In the distance, a lyre starts playing a melancholic tune, and Percy feels a wave of heat over him, raking his eyes over Apollo’s statue once more.

Apollodorus continues. “In the meantime, Perseus, we are soon due to receive a visit from the Delphic Pythia. Perhaps she might allow you to question her, and give you an inkling of your Fate, and your identity.”

Perseus nods. “Sounds like a plan.”

Perseus decides that making himself useful will be the best way to show his appreciation.

The priests look after him every single day, despite how rapidly he recovered. Perseus is still unsure of what happened to him, why he healed so well, but he attributes it to Apollo’s presence at Delos, and the dedication and wishes of his following.

Apollodorus teaches him how to play a lyre, though he’s no good at it, and in return Perseus helps around the temple, be it by moving supplies or by

keeping it clean. Eventually, quests are issued, and it is with just a drop of momentary hesitation that Perseus rises up to the challenge every time, killing a nearby monster, retrieving stolen property, and honoring his victories at the temple of Apollo with the priests.

Every time he's at the altar, Perseus feels the temperature rise and rise.

On one occasion, during an evening where songs were being played and sung, Perseus joined it, curious about the dance, the ritual, the worship. He learned the prayers from Apollodorus, the customs from the younger priests who were eager to guide him, the dancing steps from the people of Delos themselves.

He felt eyes on him all night, yet could never place their owner.

Perseus opened himself up to the island, and the island welcomed him in. He spent time with the fishermen, the sailors, and helped them with their ships and boats. More than once, he was offered a spot among their crews, or a ticket out to Athens, Sparta, Delphi itself. Whatever he wanted.

But he always turns it down, feeling the sand of Delos under his feet like an anchor, like his answers can only be found here. That inkling of power he felt that first day when he touched the water grows and grows, though Perseus is unsure of what to do with it.

That is, until the Delphic Pythia arrives. She is greeted with a great ceremony, escorted by her own priests from Delphi. Perseus expects rigidness in her steps, age on her features. Instead, he finds wild red hair, pale skin, and green eyes that seem to look right through him.

"I don't hold your fate," Rachel says, smiling wide as Perseus straightens from his bow. He raises a single questioning eyebrow at her, and Rachel reaches out to tilt his chin upwards. Her smile turns sharp. "But you already know where to find it."

Perseus remembers the eyes on his back, and wonders if all he has to do is ask. Rachel keeps him close to her side and no one questions it; Apollodorus also has a knowing glint in his eyes. He wonders if these

priests, these people closer to Olympus than any other mortals, already know how his story goes.

But all thought is erased from his mind the night before the day that Rachel is set to leave Delos. A ship arrived not soon after the one from Delphi did, and Perseus was suspicious of its crewmembers, unfriendly and distant.

There's a scream in the night and he jolts awake, instantly running outside. He blindly follows the noise as the whole of Delos wakes, no weapon, no armor, no shoes. Nothing except his rushing heartbeat in his ears as Rachel's voice keeps echoing.

Perseus reaches the pier just in time to see the ship floating away, too far for him to jump on board. But there's an unmistakable flash of red hair that he can still see from the edge, and rage fills him like it hasn't ever since he woke up on that shore.

It's easy, then, to reach out into that swirling power inside him. Perseus clenches his jaw and hears the wood of the pier groaning, feeling the air around him shifting. Drizzle starts falling and the waves, so gentle before now, are growing in strength, water rushing in his ears.

The people of Delos stand behind him, horrified as they recognize the situation for what it is: someone is trying to take away the Pythia, committing a crime against the gods. But it isn't Poseidon who calls down the storm, it isn't Apollo who steps forwards and crosses his arms, glaring at the ship from afar with shining eyes. It isn't Zeus who makes lightning strike the water.

There's a hurricane of power swirling in Perseus' stomach. He takes a deep breath, and lets it out with a single, cold, whispered word: "No."

The ship breaks apart as if crushed, the wood answering to him, the ocean rising to hit it with a reflection of Perseus' rage. He doesn't bother to watch. Instead, Perseus jumps into the ferocious waters, feeling the energy rushing through his veins. He swims, or perhaps the water moves him, and zeroes in on the ship, feeling the presence of every single person on board as they hit the water, one by one. He finds Rachel, a beacon of her own hidden power

among the raging ocean of Percy's, and makes sure the sea guides her safely back to shore.

In regards to the rest, Perseus finds the ship captain. He drags the man to shore, makes sure the rest of his crew is drowning. Perseus allows the storm to keep raging, not quelling his fury.

Perseus forces the man to his knees and grabs him by the hair, lifting his head to the sky. With a soft voice, Perseus addresses the Lord of Delos, the Lord of Delphi, the far-shooter of golden eyes and bronze skin.

"Accept this sacrifice, my Lord," he says, bowing his head. A blade is in his hand and he doesn't question how it got there, he doesn't question the hush behind him or the heat over his skin overtaking the cold of the rain. "Help me come back where I belong."

It's a clean cut on the man's neck, and justice is served. Blood drips onto the sand and it isn't an altar, it isn't a proper offering, but Perseus feels as if Delos itself is letting out a breath of relief, as if the very life of the island had been halted the second Rachel was taken.

He turns back to the people of Delos, and sees them bow. Apollodorus and Rachel stand before him, acknowledge him with a nod before bowing, as well, him lower than she does, for the Oracle is sacred, even to those beyond mortality.

No one makes a fuss. No one speaks a word as Apollo's priests take care of the body, no one addresses Perseus or makes eye contact with him.

Perseus approaches the altar at the temple of Apollo, and presses his forehead down on its surface. No one will bother him here, he knows. The priests know best what just happened, Rachel knows best, and they will make sure to keep higher beings away from prying, unworthy mortal eyes as deemed fit.

He takes a deep breath, and then looks up at Apollo's statue. Burning eyes stare back at him, like marble brought to life, but it is just a figment of his imagination.

He knows the real Apollo will come. So he settles down on the floor, against the base of the altar, and closes his eyes.

Later that night, Perseus wakes up to the feeling of intense heat. He opens his eyes, excitement rushing through his system, looking up at the open ceiling, through which he can catch a glimpse of the still starry night sky.

“You are curious,” Apollo says, and Perseus sits up. He takes in his godly appearance; something about it rings familiar, in his aura, his presence. Golden muscles are shamelessly exposed, with only a cape thrown over his shoulders. The sight of his naked body induces a feeling in Perseus that was unfamiliar, yet not unwelcome. “You don’t look surprised to see me.”

“Forgive me, my Lord,” Perseus lowers his gaze, bowing his head at him. Despite Perseus’ certainty on his own strength, he can’t help but respect the feeling that spreads through his limbs as Apollo tilts his head, unapologetic, as unrelenting as the marble statue behind him. “I’ve found your presence over Delos to be... reassuring. Your priests have given me with kindness, helping me in my search for answers. I can’t help but want to give back.”

“Give back.” Apollo raises his eyebrows, and draws nearer. Perseus allows his eyes to wander again, taking him in even as Apollo steps even closer. “You don’t seem like the kind of individual that gives back, hm? That is not what you want. That is not what you asked for, when you avenged my Pythia.”

Perseus smiles. “Not all of us take so easily to worship, my Lord. Some of us just want to remember.”

“I see.” Apollo reaches the spot where Perseus was laying under his altar. Before Perseus can react, a hand tangles itself in his hair and pulls his head back so he’s looking up at Apollo. It’s tight, it hurts, but his blood is pumping and from this close he can see the mocking edge of Apollo’s smirk, the cruel twist of his lips. Perseus swallows. “But first, it is only proper that I reward a hero’s deeds in my name. Allow me to show you a god’s gratitude, Perseus, *destroyer* . Perhaps only then will enlightenment reach you.”

Apollo lowers himself down, and his hand moves down to Perseus' throat and pushes him down to the floor. Apollo straddles him, and Perseus doesn't bother to pretend he isn't breathless. He doesn't bother to speak, either; Apollo is powerful, perhaps more so than Perseus is. Perhaps not. But right now there's something heavy in the air and Perseus doesn't doubt that he's here to receive. Not take. He's here to watch, and to listen, and to take in what he's lost, what his mind can't reach.

"You are a beautiful individual," Apollo chuckles, squeezing down slightly on Perseus's throat. "I wonder, darling, do you sing?"

Perseus licks his lips. "I've sung for you, my Lord."

Apollo's smile grows and he finally leans down and kisses him. Perseus shivers; Apollo is hot above him, and he's so very aware of Apollo's lack of clothes, the flimsy tunic Perseus himself is wearing. Apollo bites his lip and grinds down on him and Perseus moans, feeling blood on his tongue, feeling Apollo's hand squeeze his throat until nails dig in.

There's a gush of air that brings goosebumps to Perseus's skin and he moans again because his tunic is gone and he can feel his cock against Apollo's ass. He tries to lift his hands to hold his waist, but Apollo growls and Perseus feels a ring of burning heat around his wrists that makes him gasp and break away from the kiss.

"No touching," Apollo says, licking Perseus's blood off his lips. "You might be more than you appear, but you are still below me. I can tell. You wanted my attention. You're getting it. I will give you my gratitude for saving my dear Oracle. But if you think for a second that you are in a position to act, to think, *to breathe* when I don't want you to..."

Apollo drifts off, but he doesn't have to continue to get his point across. Perseus just stares at him with wide eyes, breathing heavily, and nods. He resists the urge to turn Apollo around, to press him against the ground and have his way with those miles of golden skin, to hear whatever sounds he makes. The air is smothering him with heat, the hand on his throat burns.

“Yes, my Lord,” Perseus says instead. Inside him, Perseus feels his own power thrumming, and he is tempted, so tempted. But he will hold back for now, tasting the unspoken threat on his tongue, the play of power between them enhancing every sensation.

Apollo doesn't linger. He sticks his fingers inside Perseus's mouth so far back his throat that he chokes; Apollo doesn't make him suck as much as he takes his spit from him, and when Apollo's done he takes his own hand and draws his arm back, spreading his legs wider. Perseus gasps with him and his skin itches with how much he wants to be the one fucking his fingers inside him.

Apollo keeps eye contact and smirks down at him. He starts bouncing on his fingers, lets his ass graze Perseus's cock with every movement and Perseus grunts, glares at Apollo, and thrusts his hips up when Apollo releases his throat to run his hand over his hair.

“Is this what you pictured, when you killed that man for me?” Apollo asks, his voice a soft croon that reminds him of the sweetest songs from the sweetest of lyres. “Is this what you pictured, when you feasted with my priests, when you made yourself at home?”

“No,” Perseus answers honestly, allowing his eyes to wander over Apollo's perfect features, the straight nose, the sharp jaw. The marble could never do him justice, and Percy wants to bite his skin, mark him, claim him the way Apollo is claiming him right now. “No, but this feels like the natural path.”

“I'm always glad to offer a guiding hand,” Apollo chuckles, the sound curling dark and husky around his ears, and looks at Perseus the way he just looked at him; like something he might just tie a noose around and keep on his tiptoes for the amusement of it. “I am feeling generous tonight, inspired by your deeds. Maybe I'd like to add a new member to my cult.”

Something inside Perseus protests that statement, that old part of him that he doesn't quite understand, that took over when Rachel was taken just hours ago, making him snarl. “I won't —”

“I wasn’t talking about you,” Apollo laughs again, a loud, melodious sound that rings in the night. “I was talking about our future child, of course, to be raised right here at Delos.”

Perseus groans as Apollo stops moving and grabs his cock instead, lifting himself to his knees to hover over Perseus. He doesn’t do anything other than squeeze his cock a little too hard, teasing and cruel. Perseus’ voice comes out strangled. “Our child?”

“Yes,” Apollo lets out a huff of a breath, pumping his cock once. Perseus throws his head back at the feeling, feels tempted to move again, to break free of Apollo’s hold over him, but he’s not quite there yet.

Apollo hisses as he sinks down on Perseus’s cock at his own pace, too slow for what he wants, what he needs. Perseus’ dick twitches; Apollo is unbearably hot inside, and it seems to spread into Perseus’s body.

He thrusts his hips up and Apollo moans, still sinking, the first proof of desire that goes beyond making Perseus bare his teeth at him. “Fill me up, Perseus. I bet you make pretty children. I bet you’re dying to cum inside me, aren’t you? Pretend that I’m yours, pretend you could be on my level.”

“Fuck,” Perseus mumbles, closing his eyes. There’s rage at the words, indignation that he’s not familiar with, not since he woke up without memories, but he embraces it, feeling sweat bead on his forehead and down his neck. Fuck, yes, yes . “Let me fuck you.”

“No,” Apollo laughs again, and starts moving his hips up and down, hard. Perseus plants his feet on the ground and tries to fuck up into him but the heat starts again, from the inside out, white-hot and painful and he snarls when Apollo’s hand wraps around his throat again, pushing him down from where he’d started sitting up. “I’m taking your children from you. I’m taking your legacy and making it my own. Does that bother you?”

Perseus doesn’t have a response for him. A part of him protests, the other is too fixated on the feeling of Apollo’s ass riding his cock, taking it like it’s nothing—and that, *that* thought makes him reach into his power again, fight back just a little. Apollo raises a single eyebrow.

“Oh, are we waking?” He asks, mocking, squeezing his throat even harder. The lack of air makes Perseus lightheaded but it’s only for a second, as his instinct reminds his body that he doesn’t need the oxygen, he doesn’t need *anything* other than making the heat around his cock a permanent fixture.

“You run your mouth,” Perseus grunts, the lowest moan escaping his lips as Apollo clenches down on him. “You don’t know who I am.”

“And do you?” Apollo shoots back. “Do *you* know who you are, destroyer? Or are you another useless shell, waiting to turn to dust and ashes like every other mortal on this island?”

“ *No* ,” Perseus insists, a sharpness invading his senses that wasn’t there before. He chases it, angry and fast, and finally, after weeks and weeks of nothing, Perseus glimpses a memory.

Atlantis. A throne. The sea, dark, overbearing, *home* .

“There we go,” Apollo says, fucking himself down even harder. His cheeks are flushed and his hair is a wild curtain of curls framing his face; his cape has fallen off his shoulders, and he’s beautiful in a way that makes Perseus want to look at him forever. Maybe he can. Maybe he has before. “There you are, little god.”

Apollo willingly draws back his power and Perseus’ rises up like a wave, washing over them like it did at the pier; within seconds he’s grabbing Apollo’s waist, standing up and turning. He presses Apollo down against the altar, spreading his legs and fucking into him the way he wants to; brutal and unforgiving, until Apollo’s audibly moaning and throwing his head back.

Perseus doesn’t touch Apollo’s cock, but he doesn’t need to. “You want my babies, don’t you?”

Apollo’s legs wrap around his waist and pull him in. The sun is rising , somewhere above them, and Perseus finds it in himself to laugh, feeling higher on power than ever, having the sun god underneath him. He

remembers now, the game of cat and mouse. He remembers now, agreeing to ending up here.

“Our heirs will be powerful,” Apollo gasps, clenching his ass around him, licking his lips. “They’ll be the brightest of us all, Perseus. They’ll be warriors and kings, heroes and monsters, and they’ll bring destruction and joy in equal measures.”

“Yes,” Perseus nods, leaning down, kissing Apollo’s lips. Just like before, Apollo bites at his lip, splits the skin open, but this time Perseus feels the burning of ichor, of the gold in his veins responding to Apollo’s call. He shifts his hands and clutches Apollo’s ass, spreading him wider, thinking about the godlings waiting in their future. “ Yes. ”

They finish together, twin moaning echoing all over the temple. Perseus can hear the priests waking already, can picture their shocked faces, at the sight of their Lord on his back. Apollo throws him a filthy smile, running his finger over his stomach, wiping off his cum.

He raises his finger up to Perseus’s lips, and he sucks it in without complaint, maintaining eye contact.

Footsteps echo behind them, and a gasp reaches his ears. But it only takes Perseus a thought, and they’re gone, turned into light. They were never there. *He* was never there. Perseus’ time in Delos will become myth. It will be retold, forgotten, refound.

It’ll become a story of the sun greeting the sea, not with a smile, not with a kiss, but with the certainty of being able to chase each other for eternity.